

Life

10¢

November 20, 193



**BECAUSE
THEY APPLAUD
"CLEAN HITS"
IN SPORTS
AND
CIGARETTES**

Schooled in the healthy pleasures of field and forest, sportsmen and sportswomen quickly recognized Spud as their very own. Here was not only full-qualified tobacco fragrance. Here was actually the clean-fresh-taste idea expressed in a cigarette . . . producing a "mouth-happiness" that belonged with that grand outdoor feeling. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20¢ (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30¢ (CANADA)



For colds
and irritated
throats

29
diseases may
enter the body
through the
MOUTH
Keep it clean!

Gargle with the *SAFE* antiseptic

Make sure that the mouth wash you use kills germs. But make doubly sure that it does not irritate tender tissues with which it comes in contact. Mouth washes so harsh as to require dilution may irritate tissue and thereby make it easier for germs to gain entrance to the body. Such irritation also slows up nature's processes of recovery.

Safety wins acclaim

There can be no question of Listerine's safety and its germicidal power. Both have won the commendation of the medical profession. Its entire reputation as an aid in preventing and remedying colds and associated sore throats is based upon these two properties.

If you compare the

TASTES
PLEASANT



product itself and its results with ordinary mouth washes and their results, its superiority is at once apparent.

Aid in preventing colds

To keep the mouth healthy, gargle with Listerine twice a day at least. Used thus it is a precaution against colds, other mouth infections and bad breath. When you feel a cold coming on increase the frequency of the gargle to from three to five times a day. That often nips the cold at the outset or checks its severity. Millions realize this.

Half as many colds for garglers

Controlled laboratory tests contribute further proof of Listerine's ability to prevent infection.

Of 102 persons under medical supervision for a period of sixty days, one-third, called "controls" did not gargle

Listerine; one-third gargled twice a day; one-third gargled five times a day. Note these amazing results:

Colds less severe

The group that gargled twice a day contracted only half as many colds as those who did not gargle at all. The group that gargled five times a day contracted one-third as many. And in both groups the colds contracted were less severe and of shorter duration than in the group that did not gargle.

These scientifically controlled tests, performed on average people under average conditions, definitely indicate the high value of Listerine in arresting infection.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Gargle with it twice a day at least. It keeps not only your mouth but your breath clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

..Reduces

Risk of Colds 50%, Tests Show



Of course WE CAN DO IT!

● We dug the Panama Canal, didn't we? And they said we couldn't do that.

● We put an army in France four months after we entered the World War, didn't we? And surprised the world.

● Now we've got a tough one to crack right here in our own back yard.

Men are out of work. Our men. Our neighbors. Our citizens. Honest, hard-working folk.

They want jobs. They're eager to work. But there aren't jobs enough to go 'round. Somebody's got to tide them over.

Who's going to do it? The people who dug that ditch. The people who went to France, or bought Liberty Bonds, or went without sugar—Mr. and Mrs. John K. American.

That means you—and you—and YOU!—every one of us who is lucky enough to have a job.

We're going to share our luck with the folks out of work, aren't we? Remember—there's no National fund they can turn to for relief. It's up to us! And we've got to dig deeper than we did last winter.

But if we all dig deep enough, we can keep a roof over every head, food in every pantry, fuel on every fire, and warm clothing on every needy man, woman and child in America.

That will beat Old Man Depression and lead the way

to better days. Can we do it? Of course we can do it. Give . . . and give generously.

WHERE TO GIVE: There is no National Agency through which you may contribute. The way for you to give is through your *local* welfare and relief organizations, through your Community Chest or through your emergency unemployment committee if you have one.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

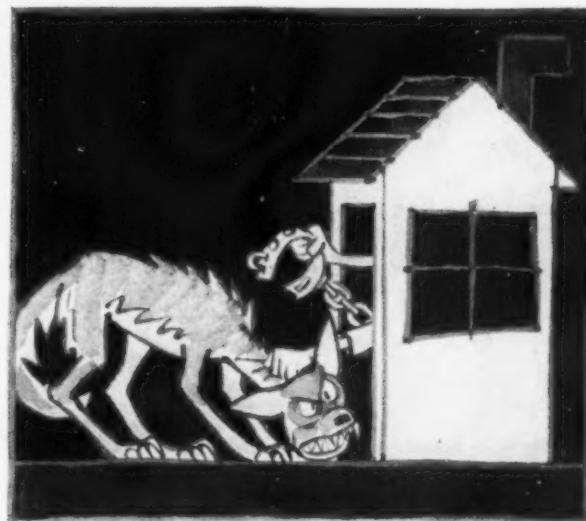
Walter S. Gifford Director
(WALTER S. GIFFORD)

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

Owen D. Young Chairman
(OWEN D. YOUNG)

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political, and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

Life



What To Do With The Wolf At The Door.

F. G. COOPER

It is a bit complicated, but we gather that Europe will be unable to pay what she owes us unless we cancel the debt.

"Go on an occasional toot," advises a Boston physician, "if you would keep healthy." Now if we only knew a way to keep wealthy and wise!

If the American Legion really wants beer so badly tell them to call Regent 5089 and ask for Joe.

If Horace Greeley were alive today, where would he tell a young man to go?

A prominent realtor in Louisville shot himself because business was bad. We fail to see how this improved it.

The suggestion is made that the Farm Board donate all surplus wheat and cotton to the poor. A pound of each is about all that is needed to make home-cooked waffles.

The National Safety Congress held its annual meeting recently in Chicago, of all places.

We got hooked into buying a gold-brick from a slick salesman a couple of months ago. The swindler told us it would make sherry wine.

"Ford hopes to place agriculture on the same plane as the automobile industry," says an editorial. What—and have dinner repossessed?

From GRAND RAPIDS to Louis Quatorze

*just for
the Ride*

BY
SAM HELLMAN

WHEN I gets home that evening the wife's in a huddle with a slinky something she introduces to me as a Miss Margot Marinoff, which, judging from her pan, is Maggie McGillicuddy translated freely into the batik.

"Miss Marinoff," explains the missus, "is an interior decorator."

"No, no, *non!*" protests the Irish-sky, with a delicate shudder. "Not an interior decorator. Everybody's an interior decorator—even designers of doghouses. I am a consulting embellisher."

"Oh, yeah?" says I. "How's the embellishing business these days?"

"Not so *chaud!*" returns Miss Marinoff, "but—"

"Miss Marinoff," cuts in Flora, "is going to help us furnish our new home."

"What," I wants to know, "is the matter with the furniture we have in the apartment now?"

"Oh, my Gawd, or rather *mon Dieu!*" gasps the decorator. "French pieces in a Colonial home!"

"Why not?" I asks. "There are French Colonial homes, aren't there?"

"In Algeria, perhaps," replies Miss Marinoff, "but hardly out on Long Island."

"That's easily fixed," says I. "I'll keep garden dressing piled up permanent on the front lawn, put wooden shoes on the gal who washes the steps and just to give the place the real Alsatian 'ah' I'll arrange to have a bath-tub hauled through a window on Saints' Days. If that doesn't make Second-Mortgage Manor look Gallic—"

"I wish," snaps the wife, "you'd leave your alleged sense of humor in your other suit. I have no intention of taking any of this stuff with me. It has installment sticking out all over it. I'm going to refurbish—"

"Using what," I interrupts, "for what it takes?"

"That," she answers, calmly, "is your business and how often have you told me not to interfere in it? Putting French junk in an early American home would make us the laughing stock—"



"How about you and me having lunch tomorrow and talking this thing over?"



"Every time he looked at the table he became subconsciously inharmonious."

"Don't worry about that," says I. "There are no more laughing stocks—there isn't a laugh left in the list. What difference would it make if we took these frog fixings—"

"It would be," chimes in Miss Marinoff, leaving Moscow for Tenth Avenue, "like crashing a formal funeral in a red sweater."

"I see," says I. "Will you answer some questions?"

"Sure, or *certainement*, to be exact," she replies.

"Would it be possible," I asks, "to sit in a French chair if it were to be planted in a Colonial home?"

"It would," admits Miss Marinoff, "but it would also be possible to sit on a soap-box in a salon."

"And," I goes on, ignoring the evasion, "would it also be possible, if the wind were in the right direction and everything else equal, to eat off a Tudor table in a Moorish harem?"

"Oui," says she, "and it would also be possible to eat off the sink or the top of the ice-box."

AH!" I exclaims, "Or *alors*, to be precise. The ice-box! How do you fit an ice-box into Washington's headquarters?"

"One makes concessions," offers Miss Marinoff.

"Not by me, they don't," I tells her. "If we're going to play the early American side of the street we'll play it from alfalfa to omega. No ice-box, no oil-burner, no hot

and cold running electric lights, no—"

"Remember June eleventh, 1889?" interjects the missus.

"No," says I, "but posterity will. It's the day I was born," I explains to the embellisher.

"It's the day," declares Flora, "that you ceased being funny. Now let's talk sensibly."

"*Pourquoi not?*" shrugs Miss Marinoff. "Do you realize, Mr. Fenagle, that one's whole life is affected by home surroundings?"

"Perhaps," I comes back, "but just what effect would a Philadelphia slat back chair in my music room have on my pants-pressing interests?"

MORE than you think," she returns. "Harmonious furnishings make for harmonious thinking. A jarring note at home—*chez nous*, as the French have it—will be reflected in your outside activities. I just got through with a client who was in a terrible state, both in his domestic life and his business dealings. I happened to be visiting at the house and I immediately saw just what the trouble was—a Sheraton dressing table had been placed in surroundings of the baroque period. Every time he looked at the table he became subconsciously inharmonious."

"And did you get him another table?" I asks.

(Continued on page 28)

**But With Chocolate Icing,
Please!**

I've been through that Mill again;
Tired my heart from finding—
After all that lovely grain,
After all that grinding—
Nothing but a little dust
Sifting through my fingers . . .
But I'll eat no bitter crust
As the Winter lingers!
Other lips will give me Cake!
Other lads are eager . . .
Eating Bread's a grave mistake
When your share is meager!

—E. L.

He Got the Jab

AMBITIOUS YOUTH: Please give me a job, sir; I'm perfectly willing to start at the bottom!

Boss: All right, my boy—if you can find it you can start there.

Pollyanna

If for nothing else, we can all be thankful that we don't have to put up with the hardships of those who originated Thanksgiving.



"Git under there, boy, an' see whus wrong wif dem headlights!"

ADVICE To JUNIOR: Take care of the pennies, and daddy will take care of busting your coin bank open.

Symptoms of the Depression

FOR SALE: Girls' Hats. All with two pairs of pants. Either single or double breasted in the new shades. Sizes 6 to 18.

—Columbus Citizen.

Legion officers in charge of the Armistice ball wish to advise the public that the ball will not be a formal affair. Clothes are not requested.

—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

WANTED—Waitress for hotel. Must be young and active. If you don't know how don't waste stamp. Hotel Farrar, Tarboro, N. C.

—Raleigh (N. C.) Observer.

SALE: Friday and Saturday at 20 North Market Street, Rummage sale of Presbyterian ladies.

—Ohio Newspaper.

Symptoms of the Recovery

The Rev. Perkins declares that he will keep on preaching hell fire straight from the shoulder until he gets his back salary.

—Bloomington (Ind.) Star.

Mr. George Morrison, principal of the Pleasant Ridge school, with some of his pupils, had a wonderful rat killing at the Banta place Sunday. You are welcome at other homes, Mr. Morrison.

—Wetumka (Okla.) Gazette.

Adjacent to the library is another completely equipped lavatory.

—Washington Post.

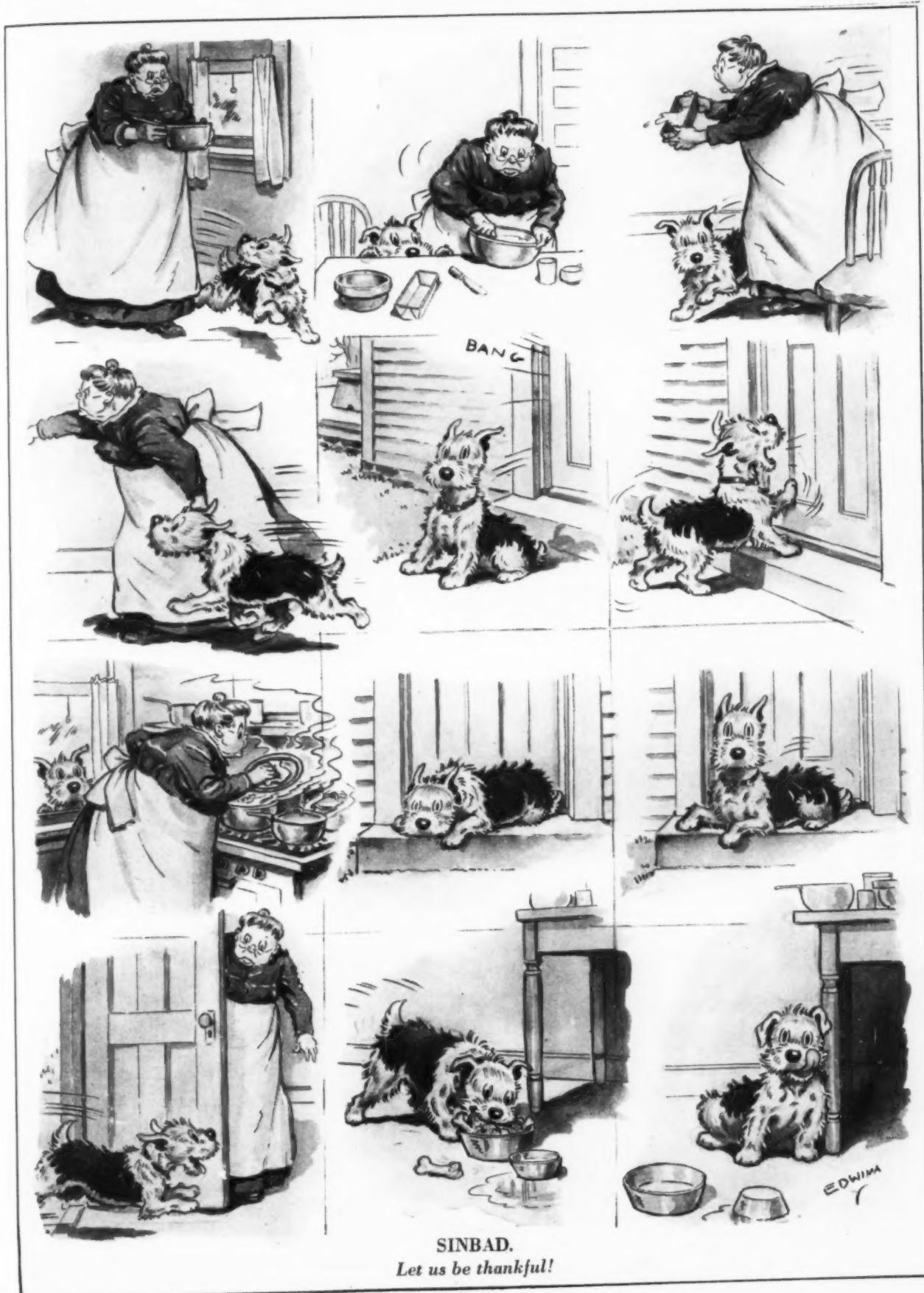
E. B. B. Wilson and Lena Williams were in Paradise Sunday evening.

—Commerce (Texas) Journal.



"Well, we'll just have to accept a substitute for the gold standard!"

L I F E



The Thanksgiving Proclamation

(*And A Variety Of Manners In Which It Might Be Set Forth.*)

Arthur Brisbane

Thanksgiving Day is here once more. That is interesting.

A fleet of enemy airplanes could invade this country and blow up every Thanksgiving dinner in the land.

But don't gamble on it.

The Federal Reserve Bank reports constant withdrawals from our gold supply. We should be thankful for the enormous resources of this country.

Don't sell Thanksgiving Day short.

Walt Mason

November twenty-six is when, we must decapitate the hen, or turkey fat and proud; and ask our in-laws,

sharp of tongue, our ninety cousins old and young, about our board to crowd. For that's the day when saints and cranks, alike unite to offer thanks for blessings gone before; and at the first soul-stirring whiff from kitchen range, who worries if the wolf is at the door? Forgotten is the price of beans, of paper shoes and burlap jeans, or sudden raise in rent; we sit and eat white meat and cake, and get heartburn and stomach ache, and count the day well spent.

Al Capone

All us patriots has gotta stick together. We gotta see that everybody observes the good old American holidays so that our shores can be defended against the graft that is

undermining this country. And we gotta defend our homes against the birth control that's undermining our shores. When we get birth control driven out, America will begin to amount to something like Italy. So I'm naming November twenty-six a national holiday for every American to observe. And I think they'll do it, because they know what might happen to them if they didn't.

Ogden Nash

On Thanksgiving Day, every one, junior and senior, should have a happy demenor.

Baird Leonard

With mingled thoughts I count the days
Until Thanksgiving time will bring
The Toms and Berthas, Eds and Mays
And other kinfolk on the wing;
For truth to tell, such frolicking
Is beastly dull beside the kind
You tempt me with—You say you'll ring? . . .
I have a weak but open mind . . .

The Editor of VARIETY

THANKSGIVING

Eating

24 hrs.

U. S. A.

Thanksgiving doing a clicksure 24-hour single built around the old roast turkey gag and making a play for an instinct as venerable as Fannie Ward. Dinner finishes with plum pudding routine that seems a pipe for adults, ingenues and juves.

—E. B. Crosswhite.

Autres Temps . . .

Backgammon? It used to be
A concomitant of tea,
Innocent—exciting, say,
As a set-to at croquet.
Mother, with a quiet grace,
Played in lavender and lace . . .
But her son. . . . It is no use, he
Loses all at acey-deucey!

—W. J. F.

"Now then, let's talk about you."





The train announcer talks in his sleep.



"I'll give you a thousand dollars for it."



The house wrecker who forgot his key.



The department store manager takes the dog for a walk.



A five year plan.

LIFE LOOKS ABOUT

Confusion of Tongues But Not Hopeless

WE need information on a number of subjects which really belong to specialists. What we get just now on those subjects leaves us perplexed. There is the matter of the Navy and how much we should have. The layman must believe somebody about that; he will not know much about the Navy. When the Navy League says proposed limitation of shipbuilding is dangerous and President Hoover says the Navy League does not know what it is talking about, the situation does not yield much net knowledge. Perhaps Secretary Adams will help with it; perhaps it will have to go to Congress to be clarified.

Then there is the vast matter of fiscal affairs—what Europe ought to do about this and that, who is to pay whom, and how much. M. Laval has been here and talked to the President. Senator Borah has spoken to the French journalists and said, as is generally admitted, a mouthful. Mr. Thomas Lamont has come out in Mr. Canby's *Saturday Review* with a discourse about German finance and the relations of nations generally, and has illuminated his remarks by pointing out that a great creditor nation such as the United States has become cannot get along with a high protective tariff.

What will Mr. Smoot say to that?

TAKE our more local matters—Alfred Smith contending against opinions of Governor Franklin Roosevelt about forestry and other matters. Alfred says the paper people have denuded the Adirondack lands and want them reforested at public expense. It sounds likely, but how many voters will know the rights of it? Alfred thinks also that Franklin hopes for more than is expectable in the way of cheapening electric power. He does not seem to take a very respectful view of Franklin's powers

of calculation.

The course of these two gentlemen about Tammany before Election was interesting. Alfred sat on the platform with the Organization. Franklin did what he thought incumbent on him to help out the Seabury investigation, but showed no violent enthusiasm about bringing Tammany to book. If there is any cure possible for Tammany the best doctor is probably Alfred Smith. He could improve it; his influence has been in that direction and he, if anyone, knows how. If a new system of city government is on the way for New York that would be another situation but still one in which he might be very valuable.

And here we are with disagreement among authorities on large subjects and lesser ones; on matters vital to prosperity and matters merely important. Party lines are broken on all sides—Smith punching Roosevelt; Lamont, of Morgan's, denouncing the tariff; a row over the Navy with leading representatives on both sides of it.

THE *Outlook and Independent* favors the opinion that Borah's remarks to the French journalists were not so great a scandal as *The Times* and *The Herald-Tribune* and other papers supposed. *The Outlook and Independent* nowadays is quite a lively sheet. After all, Bull Moose blood runs in its veins and that may be why it looks with approval on Borah.

Much fault was found with Mr. Borah's discourse. There was a lot of screeching about it. But it was very interesting discourse, irresponsible and comprehensive, and it seemed to describe quite accurately what has got to happen in Europe before there could be real peace there or disarmament. He is probably right in considering the Polish Corridor a



monkey wrench thrown into the machinery of Europe.

Nevertheless, Mr. Borah spoke with moderation, like a man who does not expect the impossible to happen over night, but it was heartening and unexpected to have him say that the War Debts and Reparations should for the most part be wiped off the slate together.

THREE are two Lamonts in public life—one is in Mr. Hoover's cabinet, the other is in Mr. Morgan's bank. The latter when he speaks gets closer attention than the former. He spoke the other day to say important things about the state of the world. He did it by reviewing the book of Dr. Schlacht, the German banker.

Mr. Lamont thinks that Germany has wasted her money and got into financial difficulties by needless extravagance. He wants her to mend her ways but he wants far more than that: that the states of Europe get together and contrive a return to prosperity. He feels that we ought to help about it but he says no more Moratorium, no more postponement of understandings that are necessary to be reached, no more large scale loaning to Germany by Americans to pay her reparations! As for the United States he would have it understand, as said, that high tariff is incompatible with its present condition as a great creditor nation.

It will be seen that Mr. Lamont has talked the best sense he knew. The disposition to do that seems to be spreading. Mr. Borah seemed to do it and it was so unusual that it moved observers to cries of terror at what he said. It is a good sign that thoughtful persons begin to disclose in public what they think. It was that, it will be recalled, that made Mr. Morrow so famous. On the whole, the Western world at least seems to be getting more sensible.

—E. S. Martin.

L I F E



Mrs. Pep's Diary

..by Baird Leonard



STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

OCTOBER 29.—A steady downpour this morning, causing me to marvel with misgivings at Wordsworth's affirmation that there is no weather which it is not better to be out in than in out of, and small wonder that Max Beerbohm drew a cartoon of him tramping about the Lake District in a drizzle. After breakfast fell to reading in Frankwood Williams' "Adolescence", which is dedicated to Everett Kimball, my old instructor in Civil Government, and is surcharged with absorbing information. Moreover, I was rejoiced to find that the world is so full of individuals with an emotional immaturity akin to my own that Dr. Williams has been hailed as the modern Diogenes, afoot with a lantern for the discovery of an adult. But should he ever meet one, I doubt seriously if he would ask him to dinner, since I do hold with Clarence Darrow and Florence Sivertson that the Jukes family would make more interesting neighbors than the Jonathan Edwardses. Pleased also with the news that persons who send telegrams when there is time for a letter are yielding to an infantile hangover, a fact which I must mention to Samuel on the next occasion when he voices his fear of prosecution by the Gerry Society for

having married me. To my conference, and when Dr. Richardson asked me what I considered the most valuable human emotion, I did respond "Curiosity", not meaning the "Who was you with in the park last night? I seen you!" variety, but an intellectual demand to which the supply is never equal, and I do mean to cultivate one and see to its satisfaction, even to the Socratic extent, if need be, of stopping strangers in the street. Thence back to a fine luncheon of sausages, fried mush and grapefruit salad, and when someone, during the serving of the dessert, asked the difference between a *mousse* and a *blanc mange*, a tablemate piped up, "A moose has horns."



"True story please. Our romance is in it."

OCTOBER 30.—Awake too betimes, so lay pondering this and that, in especial whether the presidents of insurance companies pray at night for a new low on stones lost from diamond bracelets on the following day, and how persons who are strongly opinionated are always wrong, and why some manufacturers so deck ready-to-wear apparel with buttons that its purchasers look like costers. So up and did on my new wine-coloured etamine, *chic* enough, considering that I did purchase it over the long distance telephone by the pig-in-a-poke method, and to breakfast with some week-enders at the Red Lion Inn, which looks, from its exhibits of old china, mirrors, and pewter, as though it were run by the Sons of the Revolution, and whose dining-room service suggests that the waitresses had been instructed not to shoot until they see the red of the patron's eye. My husband, poor wretch, arrived in mid-afternoon, and so to tea at the Owen Johnson's, finding there Hudson Strode, and Dave and Mistress Dearborn, and we did discuss with the zeal of crusaders the immediate need of a fixed and universal standard for bidding at contract bridge, without a knowledge of which a citizen would no more think of sitting down to a game than he would think of playing tennis without a racquet, for Lord! any given company these days is sprinkled with volunteer fourths who boast of not being amongst "the first by whom the new is tried", yet are so delinquent in laying the old aside that they do rate little better than a quiet evening at home with the free verse of the latest Syrian mystic.

They Says—And We Says

"What keeps the stars shining is far from being fully answered," says Professor Henry Norris Russell. Could it be optimism?

"A person's second marriage should be happier because of what he learned from the first," states a psychologist. A sort of, as we might say, informative double.

An Oklahoma City newsboy who learned to do Will Rogers' tricks has signed a movie contract. We understand he does nicely with a lariat but gets only 10,000 words to a stick of gum.

Canned biscuits ready to place in the oven are said to solve one problem for brides. Now if the bridegroom could only get some dough like father used to get.

The tax on gasoline in England is sixteen cents a gallon. If gas was as expensive as that in this country we would start drinking it.

"A girl who is the life of the party will not make a good wife," says a Colgate professor who will have to do better than that to get any publicity from us.

Confession

Oh, I may turn an easy verse,
Or pick a phrase, or point a rhyme,
Or swear a gentlemanly curse
In metre on our sorry time:

Oh, I may put a pretty curb,
With semi-colons, on the pace
Of little passions: wield a verb
With wicked emphasis, or grace

A lyric with appealing frills,
Embroider, say, a nice sestette,
Or catch a sonnet by the gills
And snare iambics in a net . . .

Yet there are days, and this true,
It seems a silly thing to do.

—Wilfred J. Funk.



"Watch it, Mulvaney—they're coming around your end!"



"Hooray! The first break I've had since '29!"



"There's a fire in Hoffer's barn!"

"Big fire?"



"No, Mrs. Hoffer's putting it out with a broom."

"Aw shucks!"

SONNY AND PATRICIA.

GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by **Jack Kofoid**

TWENTY-TWO men gathered in the back room of a Boston saloon. It was murderously hot. The sweat streamed from every face, even though everyone had stripped to his undershirt. . . . The windows were closed and the shades drawn . . . and the yellow gas-light added to the heat.

This was the battle-ground of Frank Murphy and Johnny Haviland, who were to fight to a finish for one thousand dollars a side . . . and to Hell with whether or not they died of their exertions!

The fighters entered . . . slim waisted, deep chested boys . . . tight of lips, hard of eye. They measured each other cruelly. They glanced at the spectators with something of contempt. They knew what to expect. They sniffed the close, heated air.

A thousand dollars to the winner. A thousand! Johnny Haviland rolled the words around in his mind. That was a lot of money . . . and he had to have it. He was down to bed-rock . . . and the rent hadn't been paid . . . and his kid brothers and sisters had been living on beans for a week.

This Murphy was a tough mug, but no matter how tough he was he'd have to go out. The price of victory didn't much matter. A broken nose . . . splintered teeth. . . . Huh, you'd be likely to get those things in any fight! But a thousand dollars wasn't to be had for every battle.

THE twenty-two . . . eyes glistening like those of witnesses at a hanging . . . leaned forward with intense interest. Sweat ran down their foreheads and noses. Johnny thought they looked funny . . . but there was no time for humor. He felt the salty touch of sweat in his own eyes.

Time was called.

The boys went at each other like bulldogs that have been starved for a week . . . gaunt bulldogs, hungry for the taste and smell of blood. They fought with reckless desperation.

Round after round went by. Johnny Haviland lost all track of them. He didn't know how long he had been fighting . . . or how long he would have to. His brain refused to function. . . .

The head of every spectator ached with the heat and excitement. . . . Each suffered vicariously with Murphy or Haviland and . . . not for the pain and punishment, but for their own bets . . . just as the boys suffered to earn that thousand dollar purse.

On . . . on . . . hopelessly on. How could human beings torture each other so?

It didn't matter to Johnny Haviland. A few punches more or less could not be considered, weighed in the balance against a thousand dollars. But he had to win. If he didn't God alone knew what would happen to them all.

Suddenly . . . it was in the fifty-first round, though

Haviland did not know that . . . the action suddenly ceased. The pumping arms were still. No fists crashed against his body. Hardly able to see . . . barely able to understand . . . Johnny was overwhelmed by a frightful fear. Had he been badly beaten? Was the referee stopping the fight?

TEARS of weakness rolled down his disfigured face. He shook his head, and said, "No, no!"

Then the hands of his second were under his arm-pits . . . and he was back in his corner.

"What is it?" he kept asking. "I'm not licked . . . I gotta have that money . . . I gotta!"

"Aw, dry up," said the second. "You didn't lose . . ."

Johnny Haviland was washed in a wave of utter ecstasy. The money would be his, after all. . . . It didn't matter that his face had been beaten to a pulp, that his body ached . . . that he had suffered as few men have been called on to suffer in the ring. . . . It was all paid for. . . .

"The referee stopped the fight, an' called it a draw," the second continued crossly. "That means there won't be no dough for nobody."

Fifty one rounds of torture for this. . . . And the rent would remain unpaid

(Continued on page 27)



But his nerves were raw wires of torture.

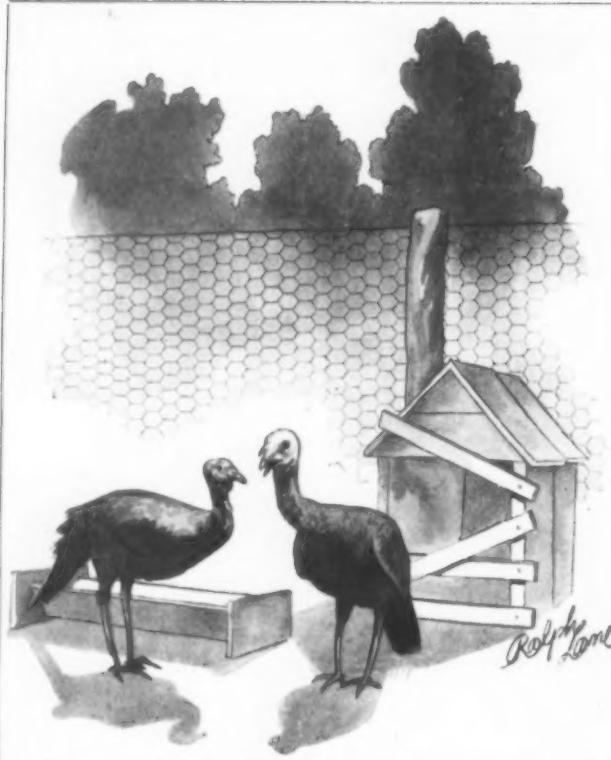
The intolerable heat bore down on him like a steaming blanket. It seemed as though strength dripped out of him with every drop of moisture. One eye had swollen shut. His jaw felt as though it had been pounded with a hammer. His left ear had become pulpy under continued right hand blows. . . . Yet instinct kept him moving forward . . . pumping his tired arms with endless effort.

His seconds told him to keep at the body. He did that . . . not knowing that Murphy's stomach had turned black with bruises . . . not blue or purple, but a horrible black . . . under his fists.

Half unconscious as he was, Johnny's mind held firmly to the thought of the thousand dollars. Those greasy bills would make up to him for all this punishment and weariness. Why, a thousand dollars was a fortune. It would keep the family for months and months. . . . Murphy couldn't need it as he did. . . . No one in God's world could need it that much.

Once in awhile he would mumbly ask through his puffed lips what round it was, and his second would say the thirtieth or fortieth or fiftieth . . . or whatever it happened to be.





"It was your father's wish that there be no cranberry sauce."



BARBER: Shall I cut a little off the top?



"Now, what was that knot in Babe's trunk to remind me of?"



"How dare you play upon my sympathy!"



"Pardon sir—how did you like the gin, cream and beer highball?"

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

Things opened up here suddenly for the unemployed this week. Your mother gave your little brother Herbie a birthday party, and after the guests had gone I took one look around, stepped to the telephone, and called up a plasterer, decorator, and carpenter and told them to bring around their men and see what they could do in the way of restoration. It was like old times to see the working men driving up in their sedans the next day.

We didn't feel exactly right about letting Herbie have a birthday party but he hadn't made a real raid on his friends for a long time and was getting pretty low on playthings.

The furniture came out pretty well. About the only piece actually destroyed was the Chippendale mirror with the eagle that your mother picked up in Pennsylvania for a mere song back in 1927 when everybody was so fond of music.

I was somewhat worried when I learned that Herbie had tackled one of his guests and had thrown him a little harder than is customary at birthday parties. But the boy was unconscious only a short time and seemed to be all right when he went home. I don't believe he had a skull fracture; only a concussion.

Your mother was anxious about the rector's little boy. He is too light and frail to defend himself at a birthday party, but he's a plucky lad and was in the middle of every living room scrimmage.

Herbie made me think so much of you when you were small, standing at the front door and snatching the presents out of the hands of the guests as they arrived. Your mother says that although Herbie has always been clever with his fingers he

is a little slower than you were about tearing the wrappings off. Your brother Charlie, of course, was the best of the family at any sort of party; he is ambidextrous.

I don't see why you think you are wasting your time going on with your course in domestic and foreign commerce. It is true it has become an academic subject but like Latin and Greek these commercial subjects may some day be the mark of a gentleman; and no matter if you

never use them think how they will add to your enjoyment of the *New York Times*.

You should have some of your brother Henry's optimism. He has three years of medical school ahead of him but he wrote home the other day and asked his mother not to give the old magazines to the Salvation Army as he wanted them for his waiting room.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



The ferry boat pilot's garage.



"A strange man tried to kiss me, officer."
"Yeah—it's the Depression."

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN READ, DO YOU?

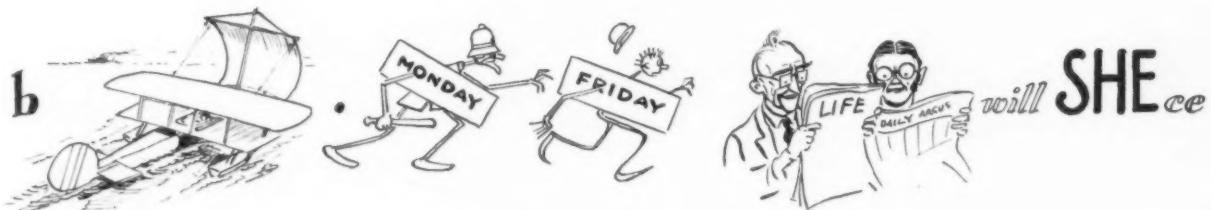
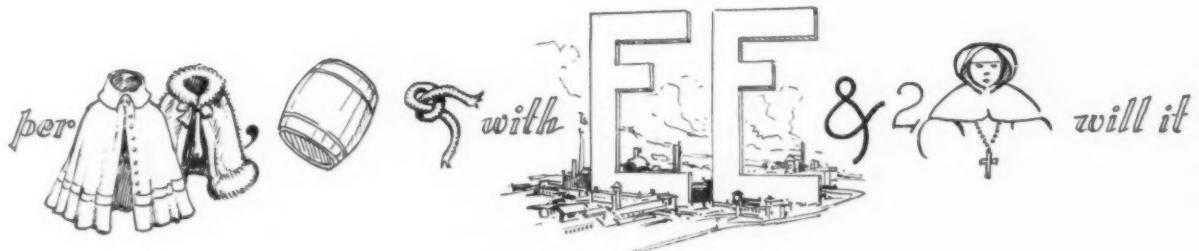
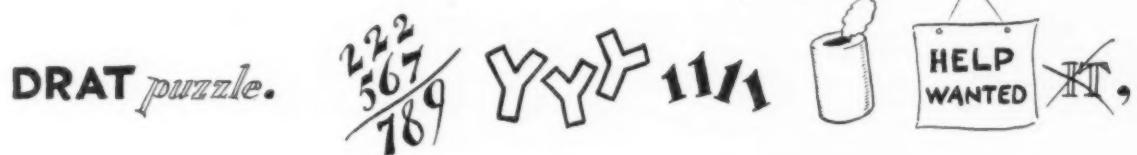
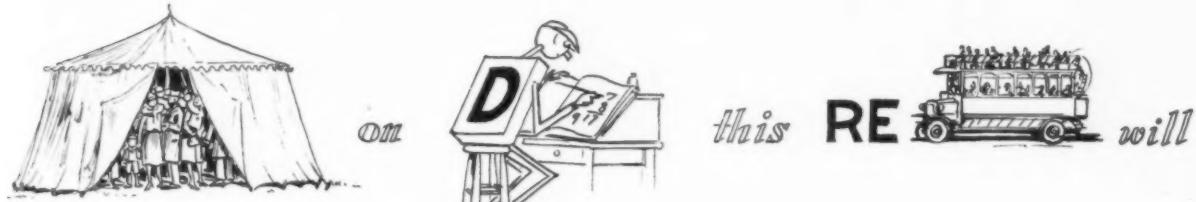
Well, the simple little puzzle which you see to the right is the first of a series of three (the others will appear in the next two issues of LIFE) and if you can get an absolutely correct solution to them all—and that means word for word—

LIFE WILL PAY YOU \$10

This is not a contest. You are your own and only competitor. All you have to be is right. Looks easy, doesn't it? A couple of rules are necessary, of course, just to keep everything clear and orderly—

THE RULES

1. To solve the puzzle, simply translate the pictures into words, reading from left to right, and keep in their proper position the words and letters that are already supplied.
2. Then KEEP YOUR SOLUTION. Remember, there are two more puzzles still coming. Only the complete set of three will be eligible for the award. *So don't send them in separately!*
3. It is not necessary to buy a copy of LIFE if you want to join in the fun. Your library, your dentist, your club (beg pardon)—LIFE is everywhere and you should have no trouble in finding a copy.... The ruled space at the bottom of the page is for your convenience if you care to use it in writing out your solution.
4. We're sorry, but each individual can be allowed to enter one set of solutions. If you are 100% right you will be paid \$10 in cash. All solutions must be in our hands on or before Jan. 10, 1932. Address: Rebus Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.
5. Don't forget that Puzzle 2 appears in the next issue of LIFE—November 27.



movies.

"The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

THE performance given by Helen Hayes in this screen version of Edward Knoblock's "The Lullaby" is one of the things you cannot afford to miss. By all means see "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

The story of the film is far from new. Mother of illegitimate child goes through all manner of suffering and degradation to give son proper chance in life, and refuses to make her identity known to the boy for fear his career will be injured by her reputation. You have seen it done before, but Miss Hayes' acting and Edgar Selwyn's inspirational direction make the heartaches of Madelon Claudet seem more real than any mother love movie we have seen since Ruth Chatterton did "Madame X." And there is a mark of similarity between the two performances that is interesting to note. If you saw "Madame X" you will remember that Miss Chatterton spared herself nothing in physical appearance when her spirit of sacrifice led her from the path of virtue. Miss Hayes is equally conscientious. From an innocent country girl you watch her become, in turn, a kept woman, a street walker and finally a broken down old hag, stooping to any lengths to get the money she sends her son for his medical education. The physical changes that accompany each downward step are made startlingly real by Miss Hayes' amazing makeup . . . and the person who did this makeup work deserves a lot of credit.

The pace of the film is a bit uneven until the mother makes her first moral concession, but from this point you watch a character performance that will never let your emotions subside.

Among Miss Hayes' fellow workers are Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, Jean Hersholt, Russ Powell, Karen Morley, Robert Young, Marie Prevost and Cliff Edwards. All but the last two are well cast. There is no serious complaint about any of the performers, but they all seem relatively unimportant because of Miss Hayes' superb characterization.

Recommended to everybody over the age of fourteen.



Her great success in this Hollywood production may remind Miss Hayes of her early professional debut in the West. She was a small child; the play was "Pollyanna" and she was the "Glad Girl". . . . It was in a small town theatre filled with tough, noisy cowboys . . . the actors shaking and wondering how these hard eggs would react to the "Pollyanna" idea . . . little Helen, scared stiff, delivering her first "I'm glad" . . . quietness from the cow hands . . . then sympathy . . . and then tears. Success! She still has this appeal . . . so take your crying towel.

"The Woman Between"

IT seems a pity that the very attractive Lily Damita should make her return to the screen in such a bad story as "The Woman Between." We understand that it was adapted from a play by Irving Kay Davis. The only answer to that one is, "Why?" Howard Estabrook did the screen version, and when Howard can't do any better than this you know he didn't have much to work with.

Even O. P. Heggie gives an ineffectual performance . . . which is a new low. Mr. Heggie is, unquestionably, a very talented actor, but when they cast him as the husband of Lily and told him his duties consisted of making it seem believable that the very vibrant Lily would prefer living with him to his handsome son . . . well, Mr. Heggie no doubt went out looking for some mirrors. That's what it would have taken to put it over. This reviewer is certainly not going to delve into the matter of "what the public wants," but one of the things the public very obviously does not want is a love affair between Lily Damita and O. P. Heggie. And we believe we

are safe in saying that neither did they.

Just another picture to keep away from.

"Platinum Blonde"

KEEP a sharp lookout for this picture or you may miss it . . . and if you do you will miss one of the most amusing pictures of the year. Because it has no great amount of what the movie distributors call "Name Value" the film has not been widely advertised, and this fact, together with the cheap and misleading title, will keep a lot of people away from it.

The picture is distinctive entertainment because of the performance of Robert Williams, the delightful young actor whose work you surely enjoyed if you saw "Devotion." We have written about Mr. Williams several times in this column, expressing the conviction that he would soon be given a real opportunity and rise to stardom. His work in "Platinum Blonde" assured this reward . . . which makes it seem the more regrettable that he could not live to enjoy his well merited success. A short while after this film was released and his performance acclaimed by the critics, Mr. Williams was stricken with appendicitis and did not recover. His death is a real loss . . . a statement we can make with no thought of being conventional. Mr. Williams had all the assets of a great farceur. He would surely have done many fine things . . . and made many people laugh . . . and we can ill afford to lose the players who make people laugh.

H. E. Chandee and Douglas W. Churchill, the authors of "Platinum Blonde," have crammed the story full of smart lines and amusing situations . . . and Director Frank Capra has shown a delightful sense of surprise in the exploitation of the material.

The plot concerns a hard-boiled newspaper reporter who marries a rich society girl and struggles to preserve his independence in the face of the demoralizing forces of wealth and idleness.

Fine performances by Loretta Young, Walter Catlett, Louise Closser Hale, Jean Harlow (the best thing she has done since "Hell's Angels") Reginald Owen, Halliwell Hobbs (king of the movie butlers) and Edmund Breese.

theatre . . .

"Here Goes The Bride"

PETER ARNO, who took time out from his art work to write and produce "Here Goes The Bride," will probably concentrate more on his drawing from now on. We hope so.

For you can be sure that "Here Goes The Bride" is not a good show. On the asset side you will find a couple of amusing scenes by CLARK and McCULLOUGH; some slick tunes by Johnny ("Body and Soul") Green; an efficient bit of high kicking by Pauline Gaskins (pleasantly naive young lady); well ordered hoofing by Al and Ray Samuels; and a perfectly swell chorus of Russell Markert girls. The story, of which there is plenty, has to do with the Reno divorce racket. The dialog is uninteresting and not, in any manner, characterized by the smart, sophisticated humor you may be led to expect from Mr. Arno because of his amusing drawings and his hilarious personal experiences in Reno.

Other than the points of interest we have mentioned, Mr. Arno could have done the rest of the show in a single column cartoon.

However, we must say another word of praise about those swell Markert chorus girls. It is too bad they didn't have better support.

"The Roof"

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "The Roof", produced in the best Charles Hopkins manner (and a very workman-like manner it is) turns out to be one of those things that promises more than it can fulfil . . . which is to say that it builds up to a last scene climax that is a let-down after the skillful manner in which the author and producer have encouraged your imagination. But we will say at the outset that, even with its unsatisfactory climax, "The Roof" is blessed with enough good writing and entertaining performing to keep boredom at a safe distance all evening.

The idea of the play is interesting. Mr. Galsworthy presents several groups of people in a Paris hotel; three men and

a youth on holiday; an author who is seriously ill, accompanied by his wife, nurse, and two small daughters; two elderly, middle class English travellers; a married woman and her lover. After devoting a scene to each group and giving you an insight into their thoughts and lives, Mr. Galsworthy sets the hotel on fire and sends them all scurrying to the roof. To the men on holiday, particularly to the youth, this is a test of courage; to the daughters of the playwright it is just exciting fun; the elderly travellers are inconvenienced; the lovers are more frightened of being discovered than they are of the fire.

Because of the possibilities presented by the situation, the audience is apt to expect something more unusual than was in the author's mind when he wrote the scene. At any rate, it does not present the punch you anticipate. Some of this may be due to the physical features of the conflagration. The smoke is realistic enough, Lord knows, in fact there is such an abundance of it that it is impossible for the players to come on for bows after the final curtain, and we find the stage deserted except for a corpse. But Mr. Hopkins tissue paper flames are not so hot. Something should be done about them.

The most interesting character in the play is *Gustave*, a kindly waiter, who walks quietly in and out of each scene, ministering to the wants of his guests. "The caviar, madame?" says *Gustave*. "Yes. Very fresh, very good. . . . Ginger ale for the little girls? But yes. Very cool, very nice. . . . Wine for monsieur? Qui. Very good, very old, very nice." And with this same spirit of polite consideration he goes about informing his guests that the hotel is ablaze. "Just follow the other guests, if you please. . . . Thank you. . . . Yes, madame. To the roof. A pleasant view . . . very flat, very cool, very nice." We can hardly hope to give you anything more than a faint impression of *Gustave* in this brief description, but we couldn't resist trying because the character, as created through Edouard La Roche's splendid performance, becomes an ingratiating figure that gets under your skin until you find yourself eagerly anticipating his next entrance.

The talented cast includes Selena Royle, Vernon Steele, Charlotte Granville, Ernest Cossart, Charlotte Walker, Anne Forrest, Vernon Kelso and two very pleasant child performers, Helen Rowland and Frances Tannerhill. We predict that Helen will one day be a distinguished actress. In addition to her histrionic promise she is one of the most beautiful youngsters we have ever seen.

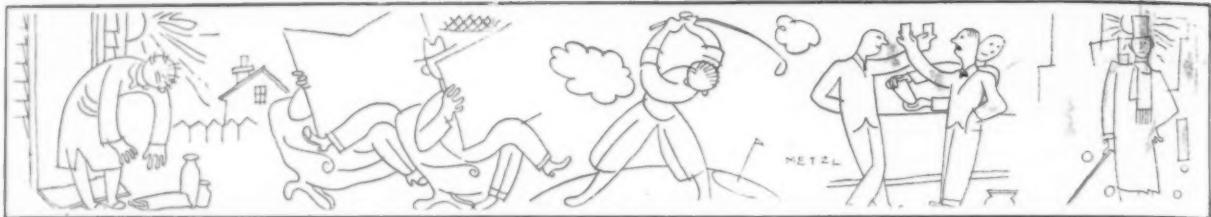
An introductory note in the program states that, "The Charles Hopkins Theatre is almost the only one left on Broadway where an odor of remembrance clings to the portals." Well, what can Mr. Hopkins expect after all that smoke?

"Wonder Boy"

IF Jed Harris had allowed all of the lines to stay in the script of this show that were spoken the opening night, there would be an entirely different story here. A friend of Mr. Harris told us he knew these lines would be deleted. We are assured now that they have been, and that the tiresome banquet scene has also been taken out . . . so we believe you may now go to the Alvin Theatre and get a great deal of amusement out of this satire of Hollywood. The first act is almost worth the price of admission by itself.

"Wonder Boy" is a mixture of "Merton of the Movies" and "Once In A Lifetime" . . . with an added amount of venom that leads one to believe that the authors, Edward Chodorov and Arthur Barton, have a personal grievance against the cinema metropolis. The making and breaking of movie stars, the colossal conceit of movie magnates, and the deceit and dissembling that goes on in the industry is handled in such large doses that the satire, at times, becomes exaggerated burlesque. No doubt the authors know of actual cases from which they drew their parallels, but it is difficult to imagine that the industry would survive if such stupidity is the rule in Hollywood and not the exception.

Distinctive performances are given by Gregory Ratoff as the movie magnate and Jeanne Green as his publicity manager . . . and toward the end of the play Hazel Dawn puts in an appearance. She looks as young and beautiful as she did in the days when she used to play the violin.



Life in the news...at home...abroad

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Yale University has a strange Hall of Fame, but it is as hard to crash as the social register. It consists of the finest specimens of all breeds of dogs, stuffed and mounted. Only the most perfect of champions are admitted—there being one exception, Togo, the Alaskan sled dog that carried the serum to Nome during an epidemic a few years ago.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—"Back-seat driving" has been approved by the State Supreme Court, reversing a decision of the Pocahontas County court which awarded damages to E. C. Herold for injuries suffered while riding with C. C. Clendennen, held that although the driver of an automobile owes to his guest "reasonable care for his safety," the guest "must exercise ordinary care for his own safety, and when he knows that the driver is not taking proper precautions, it becomes the duty of the guest to remonstrate."

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Weighing 98 pounds, Virginia (Ginger) Health entered a dance marathon here. Day and night she shuffled about, with scant interlude for food and sleep. Weeks passed, the dance ended . . . and Virginia weighed 165 pounds.

CHICAGO—The Junior League girls, held a sale of discarded clothing, offering hundred-dollar dresses for five dollars and twenty-dollar shoes for a quarter. Two riot squads had to be sent to the scene.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Red D. liner "Caracas" sailed from South America with a cargo which included eighteen ring-tailed monkeys and a carpenter bird. She arrived at New York with pandemonium on board. First of all, the carpenter bird, which has a beak like a pick-axe, chiseled his way out of his cage four times and went to work trying to break through the steel hull. The resulting clamor sounded like a fire alarm. But the final time he cut himself loose, he flew over to the cage containing the monkeys. Right next to the lock on the cage door, the bird obligingly cut a hole. One of the monkeys grasped a button hook he had been given to play with, thrust his arm through the hole in the door, and by manipulating the button hook, opened the lock. When the "Caracas" arrived here, the crew was still trying to catch the eighteen monkeys.

LONDON—The goat that supplies Mahatma Gandhi with his daily drafts of milk was awarded first prize at the English dairy show.

As the blue ribbon was tied about her neck she was officially named "Mahatma." S. R. Whitley, an official of the show, told the judges at the Royal agricultural hall that the price of goats has gone up in England since the Mahatma arrived.

MEXICO CITY—The city's campaign to enforce a compulsory bathing regulation met its strongest opponent in Jose Maria Velazquez, who submitted to the cleansing process only when subdued by sanitary police.

Velazquez first tried to prove the injustice of the officers' suggestion about a bath by producing a soiled certificate proving that he had had an official bath last December. He contended that the police were unduly invading his private rights by insisting upon two baths in nine months.

Velazquez warned them he would sue the city if his health was injured.

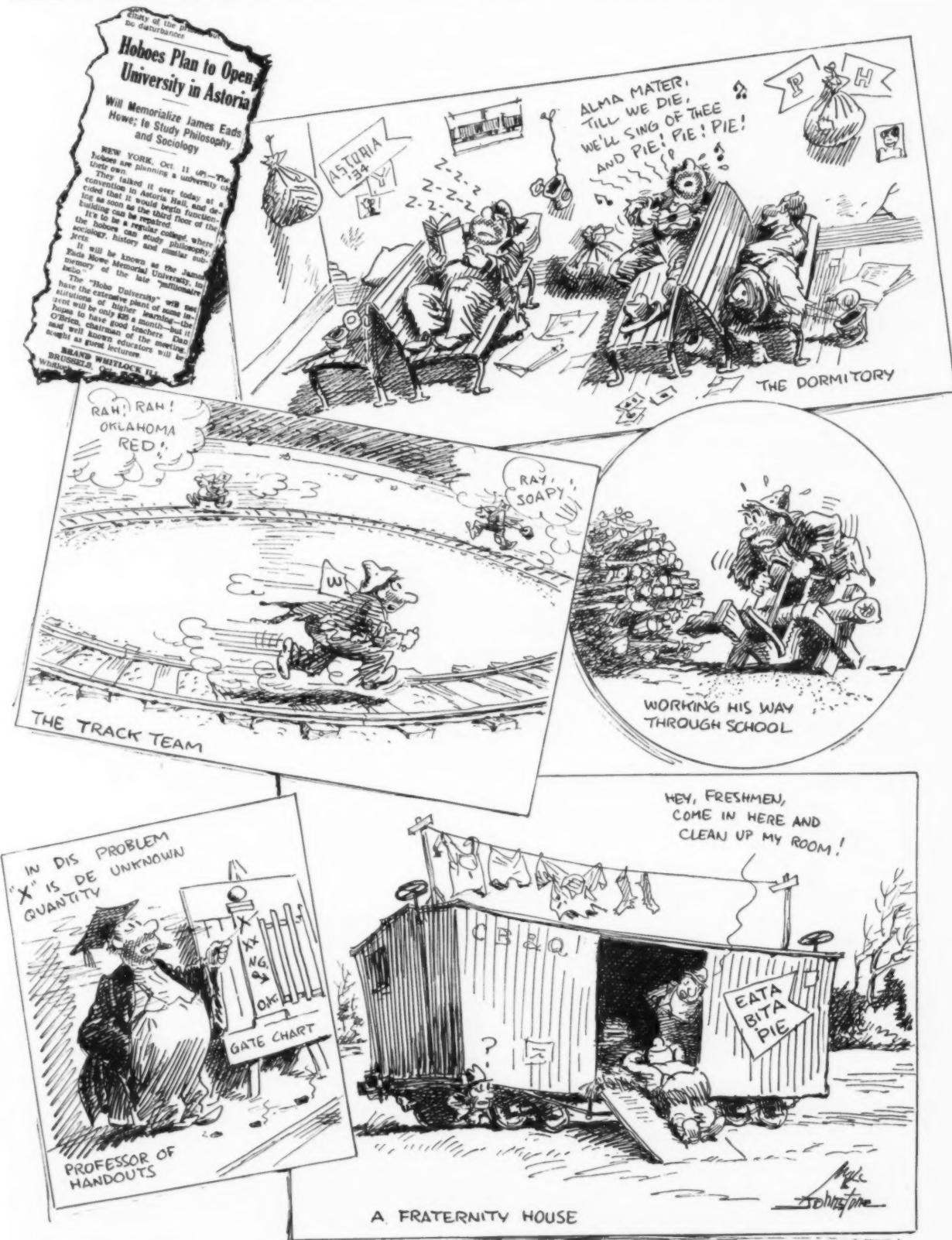
ROVIGO, ITALY—Modoro Marassis has just concluded his tenth consecutive year in bed. He explains to questioners that he enjoys perfect health, but just likes to rest.

TOKYO—Leading Japanese motion picture stars earn considerably less than correspondingly popular stars in America. The highest paid film actor in Japan gets a hundred dollars a week.

NUREMBERG, GERMANY—"The old Sausage Bell," claims to be the first hot dog stand in the world. It has been doing business at the same stand for four centuries.



"How's business, Jack?"
"So quiet you can't hear a pin drop!"

"I See By the Papers . . . " by WILL B. JOHNSTONE



Organized Post Mortems

THE tremendous growth in popularity of duplicate Contract is explained by incidents such as surrounded the deal which I am discussing this week and which came up in one of the sections at the recent opening of the Deschapelles Club at the Waldorf-Astoria. The hand is a brilliant illustration of the excitement which follows an unusual bidding or playing situation in any duplicate session and illustrates the opportunity which duplicate Contract furnishes for comparing one's handling of a difficult problem with the technique of eight or ten pairs playing precisely the same cards.

Nearly every Bridge Club in New York has one or more duplicate sessions weekly and most of them are well attended. For example, two hundred and twelve players sat down at 53 tables at the Deschapelles Club opening. While there is nothing complicated about the play of the following deal, there was intense excitement over the bidding problem in the section where it appeared and when I tell you that the discussion went on for several days over the telephone and in correspondence, you will probably agree with me that incidents of this sort mark duplicate Contract for a growth as phenomenal as the spread of interest in Contract itself.

Mr. Culbertson will gladly give free counsel to LIFE readers regarding any problems on any phase of bidding or play in Contract Bridge. Address all communications to Mr. Ely Culbertson, Life Publishing Company, 60 E. 42nd Street, New York.

contract bridge

by

ELY CULBERTSON

*Contract Deal
East and West Vulnerable
South—The Dealer*

♠ 10-9-4-3-2			
♥ 4-3-2			
♦ 9-6-2			
♣ Q-3			
♠ A-K-6			♠ Q-J
♥ A-Q-J-9			♥ 10-8-7-6
♦ A-Q-J-7-5	W	N	♦ K-10-8
♣ 2	S	E	♣ J-7-5-4
♠ 8-7-5			
♥ K-5			
♦ 4-3			
♣ A-K-10-9-8-6			

At the ten tables this deal was played by East and West variously at four diamonds, four hearts, five diamonds, five hearts, six diamonds, and six hearts.

The hand of course is a lay down for either six diamonds or six hearts but the pairs that arrived at a slam bid in either suit coupled extraordinary daring with fine bidding technique and keen appreciation of inferences as to suit lengths and honor-trick holding. At all of the tables South opened with a bid of one club. At the table winning top score on this board the bidding proceeded as follows:

The Bidding

South	West	North	East
1 ♣ (1)	2 ♣ (2)	Pass	2 ♥ (3)
Pass	3 ♦ (4)	Pass	4 ♦ (5)
Pass	5 ♥ (!6)	Pass	6 ♥ (!7)
Pass	Pass	Pass	

(1) Showing two and a half honor-tricks necessary for an opening bid and incidentally placing fairly accurately for East and West the honors not held by them.

(2) A fine bid showing four or more honor-tricks, forcing partner to bid, and guaranteeing a game if partner has any supporting values.

(3) A minimum response and the only possible bid in the hand.

(4) Safe in view of West's previous force. East will not pass except with an absolutely blank hand.

(5) Showing support for diamonds and awaiting developments.

(6) A definite slam invitation and indicating a probable distribution of at least five diamonds and four hearts in West's hand. Also indicating (when connected with West's overbid of opponent's suit) control of the spade suit. A slam try by West over an opposing opening bid could scarcely be thought of without tops in spades.

(7) Justified by the Queen-Knave of spades and the probability of a solid diamond suit with sufficient entries to capture the highly probable King of hearts in South's hand. East may assume, in view of West's slam invitation that West is counting on losing not more than one club.

At one table West doubled the club bid, East bid two hearts and West four hearts, where the bidding stopped.

At another table West bid two diamonds (showing a strong hand), East bid three diamonds, West three hearts and East four hearts, failing to recognize the strong inferences of suit distribution and honor strength in West's hand. At still another table the slam was bid in diamonds East and West, in failing to bid the heart slam, failed to score top on the deal with the players who bid the slam in hearts.

When the cup hunters in the New York world of Bridge take the field they are seeking not merely the trophies which are awarded at each session and the prizes in cash and trophy cups, which some of the clubs award for a season of play, but they are also seeking the thrills and the test of their game which such hands as the above supply in ample measure.

(Solution to last week's double dummy problem next week)

Our foolish contemporaries

A local hard-boiled Democrat refers to Andrew Mellon as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since McAdoo."
—Detroit News.

VOICE OVER THE 'PHONE: Alice says she isn't in. Is there any message?

OTHER END OF THE LINE: Yes; tell her that Sam didn't ring her up.

—Answers.

We read of a town that has no gas, no electricity, and no water laid on. Still, no doubt the local authorities find some excuse for digging the roads up.

—The Humorist.

As we understand Bernard Shaw, Russia is superior to America because it has climbed as high as America was 150 years ago.

—Publishers' Syndicate.

"Child! You smell of tobacco."
"Yes, Mummy has just kissed me."

—Outspan.



PROUD WIFE (listening to Orchestral Concert): *There, now, that's my husband. He's with the second fiddle—the fourth from the right in the third row.*

—Humorist.

"Animals," says a naturalist, "don't know how lucky they are." Does a family of rabbits, for instance, realise that they are running about in a beautiful sealskin coat?

—Punch.



"Do you mind if we move to another room? I can't play when I'm being watched."

—Bystander

Two casual golf acquaintances were walking towards the green when they sighted two women coming over a hill.

"I say," remarked one of the men, "here comes my wife with some old hag she's picked up somewhere."

"And here comes mine with another," retorted the other, icily.

—Tit-Bits.

A scandal, Sweetheart, is the down payment on being caught.

—Pete Stewart in St. Augustine Record.

Al Capone has been sentenced to serve eleven years in prison, and what hurts his feelings is that the courts have decided at last to treat him as if he were no better than a crook of moderate means.

—N. Y. Evening Sun.

There's one good thing about having The Star-Spangled Banner as our national anthem: It's so difficult that crooners don't try to sing it.

—Saturday Evening Post.

confidential guide



Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.
X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.
(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Last year's big hit and still the best in town.

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY. *Martin Beck.* \$2.50 (X)—An impressive six-scene presentation of a proud old Southern family going all to pieces until a vibrant young beauty steps into the picture and kindles the w.k. flame.

THE LEFT BANK. *Little.* \$3.00 (*)—More disillusionment about the expatriate joys of living in Paris where you can really get something done.

TWO SECONDS. *Ritz.* \$3.00 (*)—All this happens in the mind of a condemned man between the sitting and the shock, as in drowning. A thoroughly dispensable play.

PAYMENT DEFERRED. *Lyceum.* \$3.00 (X)—Superb performance by Charles Laughton in his American debut. Grim story about a man who murders his nephew in the first act and spends the rest of the evening jittering about it. For suspense lovers.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. *Forty-Fourth St.* \$3.00 (*)—To appreciate this one you must be familiar with rural England—including "Concert Parties"—which are troupes of travelling players comparable to the American stock company of twenty-five years ago. One of the characters you are supposed to laugh at heartily is the ham actor with long flowing hair who wears a Windsor tie and quotes the classics.

A CHURCH MOUSE. *Playhouse.* \$3.00 (*)—An adaptation from L. Fodor's Hungarian comedy proving that stenographers are made and not born. Ruth Gordon is charming but it's all old stuff.

LEAN HARVEST. *Forrest.* \$3.00 (*)—Well staged and superbly played, esp. by Leslie Banks. The sparkling dialogue is rather weighed down by the author's sermon that riches don't bring happiness and neither does poverty and neither does the stork. But for this season it's as good as any and better'n some.

THE SEX FABLE. *Henry Miller's.* \$3.85 (X)—A French comedy involving a great confusion of amours both young and old.

THE GUEST ROOM. *Biltmore.* \$3.00 (*)—About one of those aunts who visits and visits and visits, runs any household, weeps when the bums rush impends, raises hell generally. The farcical ending seems quite improbable.

THE ROOF. *Hopkins.* \$4.40 (*)—Reviewed in this issue.

MUSICAL

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years.

FOLLIES. *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal LeRoy and Mitzi Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that Mr. Ziegfeld has found some new material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl.

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *Carroll.* \$3.00. Mats. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.—Mr. Carroll's unusual sense of beauty—Will Mahoney's unusual sense of comedy and some unusually lovely girls used as a background for some unusually low humor.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo.* \$5.50 (*)—The first act is marvelous. The second falls to pieces but will probably be fixed up. Catchy tunes by Brown and Henderson—dramatic singing by Everett Marshall that makes the customers hysterical—swell shouting by Ethel Merman—sweet crooning by Rudy Vallee—dozens



of laughs by Willie Howard (what a showman)—Ray Bolger's dancing and plenty of beautiful girls.

EVERYBODY'S WELCOME. *Shubert.* \$3.00 (*)—Just so-so, but even with the uneven material, Frances Williams, Harriett Lake, Jack Sheehan, Oscar Shaw and Ann Pennington show how good they might be. And a hand for Thomas Harty's eccentric dancing.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE. *Globe.* (*)—Lovers of operettas will find Jerome Kern's music as charming as anything they have heard in many seasons. Excellent performances by Bettina Hall, Georges Metaxa, Eddie Foy, Jr., Dorothy Carson, George Meader, Odette Mytil, Lawrence Grossmith and Jose Reuben.

CHAUVE-SOURIS. *Ambassador.* \$3.00 (X)—There are three acts. One is entirely in pantomime; another is a French court scene sung in French; and the other is pretty good. A feature of the show is a curtain done by the artist, Garde, caricaturing prac-

tically every Broadway celebrity. It is so interesting that you rather regret it being raised.

WONDER BOY. *Alvin.* \$3.00 (*)—Reviewed in this issue.

HERE GOES THE BRIDE. *Chanin's.* \$4.40 (*)—Reviewed in this issue.

MOVIES

SUSAN LENOX. *Metro.*—Greta Garbo and Clark Gable . . . what a team . . . in fact You never meta, betta, greater Greta, Than Greta when she gets to Garbo-Gableing.

The most convincing romancing La Garbo has done since the old days of her torrid, silent scenes with John Gilbert. Yes.

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME. *Universal.*—A tribute to Knute Rockne that you will enjoy whether or not you understand the technicalities of football. Lots of laughs and a few real tears. Yes.

THE TIP-OFF. *RKO.*—Pleasant, unpretentious treatment of prize fighters and gangsters that is easy to take. Excellent performances by Robert Armstrong, "Ginger" Rogers and Eddie Quillan. Yes.

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY. *First National.*—If you like Balzac you'll be highly entertained. Leave Junior home and have a few naughty giggles. And congratulations to Will Hays for whatever it is that has happened to him. Adults. Yes.

THE BELOVED BACHELOR. *Paramount.*—One of those things about the man who adopts a small child; lives with her for years; suddenly discovers she is "a woman" and falls in love with her. Recommended only to "Daddy" Brownings. No.

MONKEY BUSINESS. *Paramount.*—The Marx Brothers in another display of mad, high-explosive humor. A gay evening for those who are fortunate enough to find these boys entertaining. Yes.

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALLINGFORD. *Metro.*—William Haines gives a weak performance in a weak version of the George Randolph Chester stories. Jimmy Durante is swell and is due for the big money in talkies. No.

PALMY DAYS. *United Artists.*—Eddie Cantor is the reason we recommend this one. The girls are beautiful, the photography of the dance numbers is original, and Charlotte Greenwood is a big help to Eddie. Unless you are a confirmed hater of musical movies—Yes.

DEVOTION. *R.K.O.*—Ann Harding dons wig, spectacles and dimity gimp to disguise herself so she can be near the man she loves. Smooth performances by Miss Harding, Leslie Howard, Robert Williams, Dudley Digges and Alison Skipworth. Mr. Howard (who should be starred soon) turns in a job that is worth the price of admission. Yes.

EAST OF BORNEO. *Universal.*—Crocodile infested rivers—boa-constrictors—monkeys—tigers—a volcano . . . and a woman seeking to save a man from himself. There are no tigers east of Borneo, but what of it? If they had thrown in some lions and elephants it might have put the picture over. No.

Great Dramas In Sport

(Continued from page 15)

... and there wouldn't be decent food for the kids. . . . He'd need a doctor, too, and how in Hell could he pay for one? Johnny wept unashamedly.

One of the twenty-two spectators smeared the sweat from his face with a soggy handkerchief.

"Look at the mug," he said, "What's he bellerin' about? They gave him a draw, didn't they? . . . Let's go get a beer."

Solution of November 13 Crossword Puzzle



An Irishman was being examined by Soviet officials for citizenship:

OFFICIAL: If you had a million dollars, would you give half to the Soviet?

MIKE: Yes.

OFFICIAL: If you had 1,000 acres of land, would you give half to the Soviet?

MIKE: Yes.

OFFICIAL: If you had ten children, would you be willing to give them all for the Soviet?

MIKE: Yes.

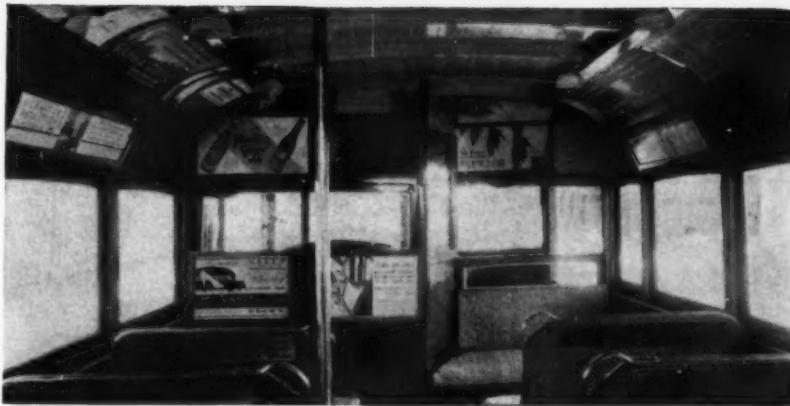
OFFICIAL: If you had two shirts, would you give one to the Soviet?

MIKE: No.

OFFICIAL: Why not?

MIKE: Because I've got two shirts!

—*St. Augustine Record.*



Rates for . . . and Facts About the

ADVERTISING SPACE IN THE FIFTH AVENUE COACHES

"THE SHOPPER'S MOTOR"

SPACE is sold to advertisers on the basis of reaching the most unusual constituency reached by any advertising medium in the City of New York—a mass-class circulation at the low cost of 26 cents to \$1.40 per thousand according to the position the advertisement occupies. Over 38,000,000 passengers rode inside the buses in the past year—over 19,000,000 passengers upstairs—a total of 57,017,139. In addition to this number there were over 4,000,000 transfer passengers.

Approximately 8,000 passengers were carried inside each bus each month.

One out of every 20 passengers carried on transportation lines in the Borough of Manhattan is carried in the Fifth Avenue buses.

"The Shopper's Motor" carries its passengers directly to the heart of the shopping district from all the better residential districts. 186 coaches pass the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue every hour.

10 cents is the fare charged, assuring a discriminating constituency who appreciate a clean, comfortable, seated ride. Passengers are not allowed to stand. There is no better means of selecting from New York City's population a group of people with above the average means. The buses are the only public transportation line on Fifth Avenue. Glance about you next time you are in a bus and notice the type of passengers and advertisers. Advertising space in the coaches will render you service for every dollar expended.

Subconsciously the advertisements are continually making their impression. The reader cannot get away from them by turning the page or tuning them out.

Advertising Rates Effective October 1st, 1931.

	One to six months	Six months or over
Full run, 1 card in each of 400 coaches	\$920 a month	\$800 a month
Half run, 1 card in each of 200 coaches	\$460 a month	\$400 a month
Quarter run, 1 card in each of 100 coaches	\$230 a month	\$200 a month
Minimum, 1 card in each of 50 coaches	\$115 a month	\$100 a month

20% discount on a five year uncancelable contract
Jackson Heights buses are not included in a "full run"

AGENCY COMMISSION 15%—CASH DISCOUNT 2%.
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JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Coaches

Caledonia 5-2151—2152

425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City

VIRGINIA INN

ON LAKE OSCEOLA

In Florida's Most Beautiful Small City
WINTER PARK

American Plan.

Weekly rates, \$19 to \$70 per person.

Table and Service Excellent.

Every room steam heated.

Putting course on grounds.

Excellent 18-Hole Golf Course.

Open December to April

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Mgr. Dir.
Summer Season:
Ocean House, Watch Hill, R. I.

From Grand Rapids to Louis Quatorze

(Continued from page 5)

"No," replies Miss Marinoff. "I had him dispose of all the baroque furniture and substitute things in the Sheraton mood. Now my client's a satisfied person—"

"Satisfied," I cuts in, "but not solvent. That's a swell system you have. I suppose if one of the door-knobs on a house didn't fit you'd have a new house built around the door-knob. What do you figure it'd cost to make me and mine Colonial?"

"Very little," says she, "or perhaps *un petit peu* would better describe it. Antiques can be had nowadays almost for the mere asking."

"Just how almost?" I inquires.

"Well," answers Miss Marinoff, "only yesterday I ran across a perfect honey of a high-boy for seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"Cheap at less than half the price," says I, "but you can't keep house just with a high-boy. Seven-fifty's about all I intended to spend on the inside doings of the dead-fall altogether."

"I scorn your intentions," horns in Flora. "The house is going to be furnished from top to bottom in antiques if you have to live the rest of your life in the custody of bailiffs."

"Do you know," remarks Miss Marinoff, whose eyes have been fixed on me with a peculiar steady stare, "that you really owe yourself a Colonial decor? Has anybody ever told you you look a lot like Daniel Boone?"

"That's funny," says I, catching at a straw. "I once played Daniel Boone in a school show and everybody



"That's rich, that is—afraid to lemme in 'cause maybe I look like an installment guy!"

spoke of my resemblance to his pictures. So you've noticed it, too?"

"Of a verity!" she exclaims. "You have the same keen pioneer profile—"

"Your profile's not so punk, either," I interrupts. "How about you and me having lunch to-morrow and talking this thing over? Flora's leaving town for a few days and we can have everything set by the time she returns."

"I should love it!" gushes Miss Marinoff, "and I should like you to be with me when I select the furniture. After all, Colonial ware's men's ware and you know," she adds, with a roll of her lamps, "I want the pieces to fit you perfectly."

"By the way," interrupts the wife, at this point, "how much did you say that high-boy costs?"

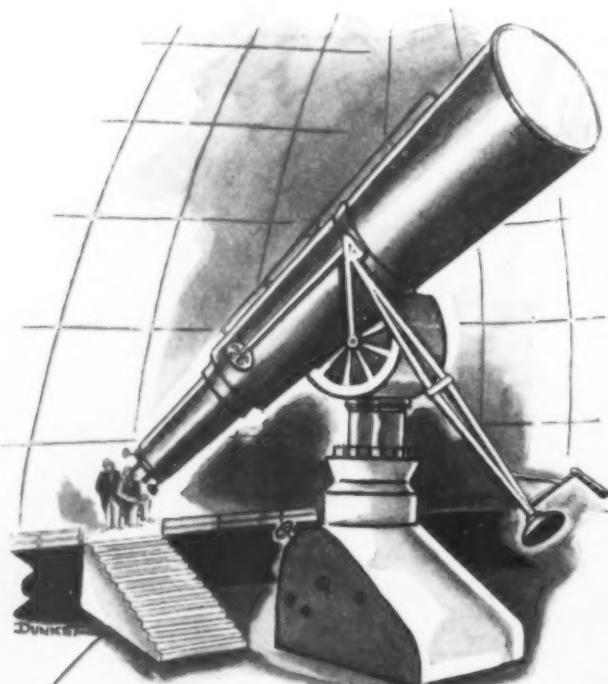
"Seven hundred and fifty," replies Margot.

"Oh!" gasps Flora. "I thought you said seventy-five. I'm afraid," she goes on, "antiques are a bit beyond us. We may have to get on with this French furniture for a while."

"That's all right for you," says I, "but how about my keen, pioneer profile?"

"You can tie that outside," snaps the missus.

(As a matter of fact the house is furnished in Colonial style but out of that fact arises a series of contretemps that stirs the country from Rock Bound, Me. to Sunny, Cal. If you want to stick your spoon in the stir, be sure to read next week's episode.)



"She's putting on the pink one trimmed in French lace."



hotel

ST. MORITZ

ON THE PARK

50 CENTRAL PARK SO., N. Y.

Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

The double joy of living "in the Continental manner" . . . with American economy . . . exists in all the world . . . at the Hotel St. Moritz only.

For permanent or transient residence. Luncheon served in the Sky Salon. Dinner- and supper-dancing in the Grill. Tea at RUMPELMAYER'S . . .



One good thing about the radio. No politician can claim the microphone misquoted him.

—Florida Times-Union.

Atlantic City

Noted for its accessibility—mildness of climate—opportunity for outdoor sports and indoor entertainment and the



Claridge
assurance of club-like, restful enjoyment. Rates moderate. An hotel of distinctive elegance; unusually complete in all appointments. Sea water in all baths.

Food service a-la-carte

Prices:

\$5. daily single
\$30. weekly
\$7. daily double
\$42. weekly

Roscoe J. Tompkins
Manager
For many years of
The Blackstone, Chicago

Claridge
BEACHFRONT-INDIANA
AVENUE TO PARK PLACE



NOVEMBER 20, 1931

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to and from

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S.S. PENNSYLVANIA Dec. 19

S.S. CALIFORNIA . . . Jan. 2

* Sailing from Los Angeles second day following.

Three great, vibration-less turbo-electric liners. Identical in size, speed and luxury. All outside rooms. Built-in deck swimming pools. 13 days en route. Ample time for sightseeing at Havana and Panama Canal.

9-day all expense Havana tours, \$135 First Class, covers everything.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 687 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere, or any authorized S.S. or R.R. agent.





.... Life has its
incidental pleasures,
MILLIONS get a lot
out of **WRIGLEY'S**..



LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR for 1932



Our annual
DOG CALENDAR is a
very popular institution,
increasingly in demand.
It makes a most welcome
gift for all who love dogs.
Most of us do, and any-
way

Everybody loves LIFE's DOGS.

6 Sheets in Colors, 10 x 14, Price One Dollar.

An unusually good looking calendar! You'll want one
yourself, of course, and a few more to send away for
Christmas. Edition is limited. Better order now.

LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York

Here is..... dollars. Mail..... calendars to

Don't Miss It This Year!

LIFE IN SOCIETY



PLAYING HOOKEY

Al Grant seated at the wheel of his 4-tube Panatope en route to the Amherst-Williams game with a bevy of Smith College girls. Seated on his left are May Smith, Etta Smith and Mattie Smith. Lying on his right is Daniel Webster.

The hospitality committee of the Women's Club of Glen Ridge sponsored a Russian tea at the clubhouse yesterday. Mme. Selene Van Liew lectured on "Romantic Russia," while Mrs. Harold T. Muckle served bombs-bombs.

James H. Van Auken will arrive in Newport today for a week-end visit with his mother until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton H. Flagwell gave a dinner last night in Madison for the members of the bridal party for the double-barreled wedding tomorrow of their daughters, Miss Marion Flagwell and Miss Nancy Flagwell. A rehearsal at the Madison Gun Club followed.

Miss Margaret Fisher has decided not to attend the meeting of the Carolina Archers at Pinehurst this season because her beau is broke.

M. Louis C. Rolston of Sleepy Hollow Manor gave a luncheon with bridge at the Sleepy Hollow Manor Club. The guests played contract in a sleepy, hollow manner.

Mr. Cameron Wells Carter celebrated the anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown yesterday at Frank & Jack's.

The Yale Whiffenpoofs will give a dance on Saturday at the Hotel Taft after the football game. The New Haven police force will head the committee in charge.

—Jack Cluett.

• TRY THE
double-
action
SHAVE



SQUIBB Double-action SHAVING CREAM

Ask your druggist for free sample or write enclosing ten cents for guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York, N. Y.



Abbott's

BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.
C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

GROW HAIR

Use this system—First a vigorous "dry massage", followed by a massage

WITH

GLOVER'S

Imperial (SARCOPTIC)

MANGE MEDICINE

ANTISEPTIC GERMICIDAL CLEANSING

POSITIVELY REMOVES DANDRUFF

Write for FREE, New Booklet on Care and Treatment of Scalp and Hair.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



"Migosh! I strapped on a knapsack!"

Spain has abolished monarchical ways so thoroughly that now there is talk of abolishing the king and queen in decks of cards. Poker players who want a new thrill will have to go to Spain to find out whether three Presidents of the Board of Public Works beat two pairs of Deputy Police Commissioners.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

DINER: I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup.

WAITER: Well, it would be worse, wouldn't it, to have the soup in your hair?

—Pathfinder.

The Madison
Hotel and Restaurant
MADISON AVENUE
AT FIFTY EIGHT STREET
NEW YORK CITY
CABLE ADDRESS
"MADISOTEL" BERTRAM WEAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR

Eases the Journey
back to Health

VICHY CELESTINS

long known to the medical profession, is extensively prescribed in stomach and liver affections.

This natural alkaline mineral water from the Spring at Vichy, France, the famous health resort, is obtainable from your druggist or grocer.

American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

A phonograph has been made which will play in any position—even upside down. It seems a great pity!

—Humorist.



Santa Says:

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW, delightfully different, unique . . . and possessing the additional charm of being practical. The Oriental Cigarette Dispenser is built by master craftsmen. It is perfect in every detail, stands six inches high, is made of hardwood, hand-rubbed walnut finish, Turban head-dress, jewelry trimmings. It is used constantly by the most fastidious smokers . . . holds two packs Cigarettes, delivering them fresh from its humidor compartment, by merely pressing a button. The Gift that perpetuates the spirit of Christmas. » » »

\$5.00 Delivered

With a money back guarantee

KINDEL & GRAHAM
754 MISSION ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Enclosed find check \$..... or money order

\$..... or will pay postman \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Barnegat Light—Barnegat, N.J., Established more than ninety years ago. Famous in maritime history.

Faithful is the character of the light that guards the pathways of the deep. Mellow and friendly is the character of the blend that sparkles through the flavor of

Old Briar

TOBACCO

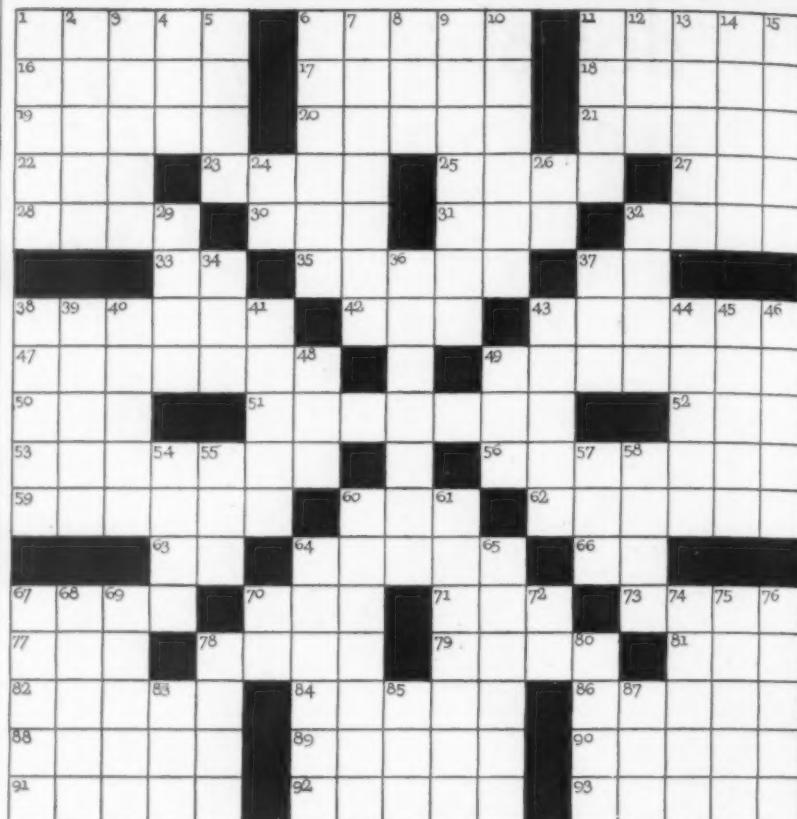
IN your first pipeful of OLD BRIAR you will find an introduction to a new sense of contentment. This rare blend of choice tobaccos will awaken the most jaded smoke taste to keen enjoyment of ingratiating mildness and rich flavor—flavor with an underlying tang that continually satisfies without ever satiating the appetite.

Ask your dealer about OLD BRIAR Tobacco.



UNITED STATES
TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

LIFE'S Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

- The turning point.
- Law excluding women from the French throne.
- A bear in Wall Street.
- Express homage.
- The family silver.
- This is shown to visiting Presidents.
- Feminine tricks.
- Push along.
- Just suppose.
- A wooden pin.
- Ancient capital.
- You do this as you sow.
- Short poem.
- A dinner without a hostess.
- Father's retreat.
- A weapon.
- Masc. name.
- Concerning.
- Piquant.
- Royal Navy, abbr.
- This can certainly irritate your Adam's apple.
- A hint.
- More to the blonde.
- Hero with a wonderful lamp.
- Old lute-like instrument.
- Shaft of a mine.
- Comforted.
- Moving wagon.
- Put out.
- The one you love best.
- Grows again.
- This is offered at auction.
- Results of the ball game.
- Behold.
- A small face.
- Toward.
- To lose strength.
- One's entire possessions.
- Head gear.
- From night till morn.
- Beverage.
- Seed covering.
- Go.
- Pallid.
- This never leaves its bed.
- Pertaining to nodes.
- This is foolish.
- At rest.
- Silly creature.
- This begins dinner.
- Star gazer.
- Ridicule.
- To harden.

DOWN

- Calls on uncle.
- A foolish person.
- Russian river.
- Mineral earth.
- This is a show-down.
- The high places of the Church.
- The book of the year.
- This comes from sitting down.
- Repeat.
- This comes in bunches.
- To buy things.
- A twining plant.
- Not a breath of this, please.
- Musical composition.
- Corners.
- Public notice, abbr.
- Part of "to be".
- Precious metal.
- Tennysonian heroine.
- Pet hobby.
- Mad Hatter-ish.
- Fled.
- Childish prank.
- Oily fruit.
- Ancient language.
- Towers up.
- Becomes indistinct.
- A rolling stone.
- Obliterate.
- These are all torn up.
- A salutation.
- This sometimes has a twin.
- Very little room.
- A number.
- Take steps.
- A crucifix.
- This preceded the airplane.
- Death.
- Periods when wild oats are sowed.
- Higher up.
- European capital.
- Form into line.
- A river embankment.
- Army Regulations, abbr.
- A parent.
- On guard.
- Hindu queen.
- Bend the knee.
- The aesthetics.
- Pinches.
- Mistake.
- Mrs. Rabbit.
- Hard shelled fruit.

Here's flexibility



THE great heron is almost as quick as the fastest snake in striking at his prey. The power in his long, serpentine neck is perfectly controlled. To control the power in gasoline, oil refiners add Ethyl fluid. This prevents the stumbling explosions that cause power-waste, harmful knock and overheating. It *controls combustion*, delivering power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of your car, and gives real economy in the long run. Try it! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

BEST FOR WINTER, TOO—
Ethyl Gasoline sold during winter is good, quick-starting gasoline *plus* the greater power Ethyl fluid adds for driving in snow and slush. Like yourself, Ethyl changes coats to suit the season, bringing out your car's best performance every day of the year.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE

Natural Moisture — the key to *freshness*

ALMOST no smoker, man or woman, needs to be told the delights of *freshness* in a cigarette.

But few smokers realize that *true* freshness is the result of retaining a proper content of natural moisture in the tobaccos from which the cigarette is made.

Camels are blended of the finest Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos that money and long experience can buy.

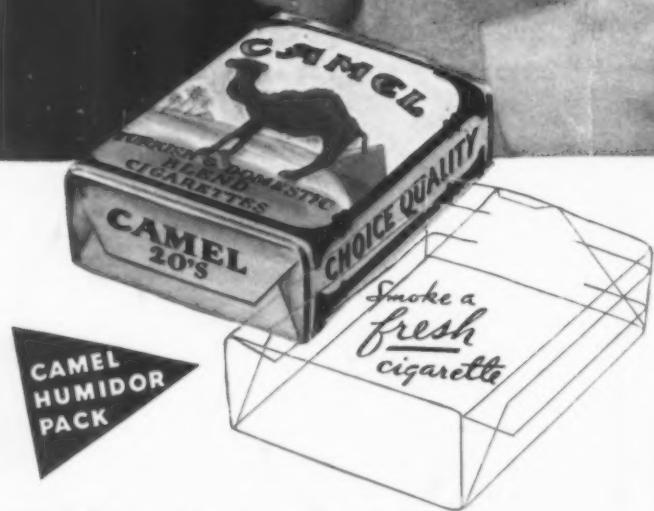
Tobaccos of this high quality require neither excessive heat nor violent processing to make

them smooth, cool and palatable — indeed, such treatment would drive off not only their natural moisture but the aromatic essences which give them their fragrance.

The Camel Humidor Pack is a great boon to smokers simply because it preserves freshness and flavor in cigarettes that are *fresh* to start with — it insures fine cigarettes *kept* fine.

If you want to know what that means in sheer smoke-enjoyment, try Camels for just one day — then leave them, if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Camel Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — Camels stay fresh in your home and office

CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE

